

# *Sketch*

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## With This Sky Nothing Is Real

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## With This Sky Nothing Is Real

I'm sure they wonder about me,  
wonder about my buttons,  
my spread lips, my hot loose collar.  
I'm sure they wonder about  
how many tongues I've devoured,  
how many spears I've taken in.  
I'm sure they wonder about  
the scars that never formed.

With this sky nothing is real.

Here I lay for you  
with puppy yelps  
and sugar fingers.  
Here I sink spider arms  
into your nerves, paralyzing.  
Here I lick you down  
like an all day sucker  
and somewhere, hidden,  
I grow fat on you.

With this sky nothing is real.

When I've gone  
they'll go on wondering.  
You will tell them  
of the tidal wave nights  
and show them  
the blisters I gave you.  
You will call me a rarity.  
You will think you have known me.

With this sky nothing is real.  
Nothing.

— Carmen Largaespada